The Middletown Transcript

VOL. 44. NO. 50 MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 16, 1911. PRICE THREE CENTS

Milk and Butter Prices

Are higher than they have been for a great many years and, of course, feed prices will naturally follow.

Better lay in your supply before they go higher.

Coton Seed Meal	$34.00
Boveta Hull and Meal Mixture	26.00
Bran	29.50
Sucrene Dairy Feed	28.50
Sucrene Horse and Mule Feed	31.00
Blatchford's Calf Meal	4 1-2c lb

A discount of from $1.00 to $3.00 per ton to our milk patrons.

MIDDLETOWN FARMS, Inc.

John Heldmyer, Jr.

Fancy and Staple Groceries
FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Our Own Make of Fresh Sausage a Specialty
HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR FRESH EGGS.
Phone No. 53 Two per cent. off for CASH.
West Main St. MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

NEWARK TRUST & SAFE DEPOSIT CO.

Newark, Delaware

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO BANK DEPOSITORS

It is our desire at this time to respectfully call your kind attention to the many unusual benefits to be gained by banking with this company. For your careful consideration we would state that:

1st.—We allow 4 per cent. Interest in our Savings Department on Accounts of $1.00 and upwards.
2d.—We pay 2 per cent. on all Checking Accounts.

Also that we are a U. S. Depository for Postal Savings. If this Bank is safe for Uncle Sam it is safe for you.

Deposits Received by Mail

Capital Surplus and Profits, $48,000. Deposits, $220,000

The Transcript $1

J. F. McWhorter & Son

STEEL
Dockash
Price $55.00
Complete with water front or reservoir.

The manufacturers of this range claim it would not be possible to build a better range with a million dollars and a million men. A mighty big claim, but we believe it after five years' experciene in selling and using it. The users of this range have the satisfaction of knowing they have the best. There are other good ranges made, but none the equal of the Steel Dockash; it is in a class by itself.

We have a full line of Ranges, Single or Double Heaters, Air-tight, etc. Repairs for all makes of stoves.

J. F. McWHORTER & SON

Lumber and Coal YARD

G. E. HUKILL
Middletown, Del.

White Pine, Yellow Pine, Hemlock and Cypress. All kinds Building Lumber, Shingles, Lath and Pickets. Mill Work of all kinds in stock and to order. Building and Agricultural Lime. Woven Wire Fence, Wover Picket Fence, Barb Wire and Plain Wire.

Best veins of
HARD AND SOFT COAL

WHAT ABOUT THAT JOB OF
Plumbing

Call and let me give you an estimate before you give your order. I am in a position to give you the very best materials in all branches of the plumbing trade. All work guaranteed to be satisfactory. I can do your

PLUMING, STEAM FITTING, Pump and Well Work
Or furnish you with a
"BUTLER" Wind Mill
or Hay Track on short notice
If you need anything in my line, a posta card will bring me to your home.

LONG DISTANCE PHONE NO. 70

JOHN B. SPICER
P. O. Box 31,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE

William B. Kates

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturer of
Ice Cream, Water Ice
ALL FLAVORS
Fine Confections constantly on Hand.
Also Oysters in Season
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Sheriff Sale

ESTATE of Gideon E. Hukill, deceased
Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration upon the Estate of Gideon E. Hukill, late of St. Georges Hundred, deceased, were duly granted unto Margaret W. Hukill, on the 3d day of November, A. D. 1911, and all persons indebted to the said deceased are requested to make payment to the Administratrix without delay, and all persons having demands against the deceased are required to exhibit and present the same duly probated to the said Administratrix on or before the 3d day of November A. D. 1912, or abide by the law in this behalf.
Address Martin B. Burris, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, Middletown, Del.
MARGARET W. HUKILL,
Administrator.

1191 TIME TABLE 1911

The Iron
STEAMER CLIO
Captain H. V. Woodall
WILL LEAVE
Odessa for Philadelphia
AND RETURN FROM
Arch St. Wharf, Phila.
AS PER TIME TABLE:

ODESSA	DECEMBER	PHILA
Friday, 1,	3.30pm	Saturday, 2, 1.00pm
Monday, 4,	6.00pm	Tuesday, 5, 3.30pm
Thursday, 7,	11.00am	Friday, 8, 6.30pm
Monday, 11,	12.30pm	Tuesday, 12, 11.00am
Thursday, 14,	3.00pm	Friday, 15, 12.30pm
Monday, 18,	6.00pm	Tuesday, 19, 3.30pm
Thursday, 21,	10.30am	Friday, 22, 5.30pm
Tuesday, 26,	12.00noon	Wednesday, 27, 11.00am
Thursday, 28,	1.00pm	Friday, 29, 12.00noon.

Steamer will leave Fort Penn 1½ hours later than Odessa time.
Grain, Fruit and Stock Freighted at Reasonable Prices.
Attention given to the Careful Handling and Prompt Delivery of all consignments.
For information apply to Freights, apply to
F. B.
WILLIAM W.

USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW

Never shake rugs or hang them on lines to be beaten. One such treatment will often ruin a rug. Place them on the ground and beat or sweep them. They can be very satisfactorily cleaned by spreading on a porch and carefully sweeping. The best way, of course, is to use the vacuum cleaner on them, as then there is no wear on them.

Celery on Chestnut Salad—Take equal measures of celery and cooked chestnuts, cut in thin slices. Add a few tablespoonful of French dressing. At serving time arrange on lettuce and garnish with slices of latticed apples.

A very pretty way of serving individual butter for company is to make the balls much smaller, using three small on each butter plate instead of one, and from parsley break a stalk with three stems inserting the end in each butter ball. The effect is very pleasing, as they look more like flowers than butter.

When out of cake put delicate crackers together with white or chocolate frosting. Chopped nuts and raisins may be added and these little cakes served with tea will be happily received by any guests.

A cleaner for wall paper: Take a cup of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of coal oil, two tablespoonfuls of ammonia and a half cup of water. Mix in a small saucepan and cook until the moisture is evaporated, stirring constantly.

Remove from the fire and knead with the hank until ready to use. Use a small piece, kneading and turning it to keep the clean side out to rub with.

When troubled with rats put fresh unslaked lime around their runways. If they get burned they will be careful never to try it again.

Chickens are not now so expensive that one may not feel extravagant to serve one occasionally.

Dress and clean and cut up two small chickens. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and dip in flour, egg and crumbs; place in a greased dripping pan and bake thirty minutes, cooking with a third of a cup of melted butter. Arrange on a platter and and pour over two cups of cream sauce.

Cut up the chicken at the joints as for serving, plunge in cold water and while wet dredge with flour, salt and pepper, having as much flour adhere to the chicken as possible. Try out a pound of fat salt pork, cut in pieces and cook the chicken in this until tender and well browned. Serve with a white sauce made of half milk and cream.

Parboil spareribs and when partially done place in bake pan add season. Do not bake fat nor brown too much. Serve with baked apples.

If, after washing a chamois, there seem to be harsh places rub them steadily but gently through the hands and soon they will quite disappear.

When making aprons, especially those to be used in doing housework, do not forget a large pocket. It will save many a step in dusting and picking up.

Watery custard is caused by cooking in an oven that is too hot. Set the custard in a pan of hot water and see that the water does not boil during the baking.

In putting down linoleum or oil cloth have strips of moulding nailed on the edges next to the baseboard. This prevents dust from getting under and preserves the edges.

When spots run on a linen dress soak the dress over night in a strong solution of salt water. Take a pure white soap and make a suds with warm water wash in two changes of water and soapsuds, and thence rinse and hang in the sun. If not successful the first time, try a couple of times, as this will set the color and take out the stains.

A cloth dipped in salt and rubbed on frosted windows will remove the thickest frost almost instantly.

It may be news to some to hear that a piece of bread burnt to a crust will remove grease on cloth if rubbed upon the spot following the nap of the cloth.

It is also said that the head of a match, after being lighted and then blown out, if applied to a stain from paint, the spot will disappear.

Cook medium-sized potatoes in their skins; when almost done turn into cold water for a few minutes, peel and place in baking tin; chop a small onion fine, add a quarter teaspoon of savory herbs, a little pepper; sprinkle over the potatoes; cut two or three slices of salt pork and lay over the whole; put one cup of warm water into tin and bake to a nice brown.

One third cup butter, two-thirds cup boiling water, one cup molasses, one egg, two and three-quarters cups flour, and one-half teaspoons soda, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon ginger, quarter teaspoon clove. Melt butter in water, add molasses, egg well beaten and ingredients mixed and sifted.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS OF THE PENINSULA

At a bazaar given by Rehoboth Beach Red Men $30 was cleared.

An effort is being made to organize a Holiness Church in Georgetown.

Derrickson & Martin, of Dover, will erect a large canning factory in Little Creek.

The last case of diphtheria in Lewes was disinfected and quarantine lifted on Thursday.

After undergoing extensive repairs, Salem Methodist Church, at Fairlee, was reopened Sunday.

Richard Merritt, of Warwick, has been selected as Chief Judge or Orphan's Court of Cecil county.

Trustees of the Workhouse have decided that they will not build an exercise yard until next Spring.

Poking a crayon up a nostril William Kern, aged 7, required the services of a physician at New Castle.

The Maryland Clay Company's plant on Broad Creek has been leased to Hanna Improvement Company.

The 132 acre Thomas farm, in Broad Neck, has been brought by Joseph Everett of Kent County for $3500.

Large flocks of wild geese are being reported near Oak Orchard, and several gunners have secured full bags.

With the opening of the muskrat season the price of pelts has fallen from 70 cents paid last year to 20 and 25 cents.

Dr. Victor C. Washburn has been appointed assistant surgeon of the Delaware Militia, with the rank of captain.

Six grandsons were the pall-bearers at the funeral of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Walls at New Castle Tuesday afternoon.

Elkton Council has refused the Diamond State Telephone Company permission to lay a cable on North street.

Railroad detectives are indeavoring to run down the thieves, who broke into the station at Chestertown and stole $16.

At the corn show of Rose Hill Grange the prize winners were Charles Megginson James Tolson and George W. Burris.

Operation of the trolley line abandoned three months ago between New Castle and Delaware City will be resumed to day.

The largest rockfish ever caught off Rehoboth Beach was captured Tuesday by Harry Burbage. It weighed 100 pounds.

Found with a boy's bicycle in his possession James Butcher, an aged man, was arrested in Wilmington for alleged larceny.

Delaware Militia officers are planning a big reception in Wilmington in honor of Governor Pennewill and his personal staff.

John Anderson, of Georgetown, has been appointed second assistant keeper of the lighthouse Elbok, of the ledge in Delaware Bay.

E. S. Hardesty, of Georgetown, superintendent of schools of Sussex county, is making his annual visit to all of the school in the county.

The Kent County School Board has appointed Irving L. Dempsey a trustee of Galena Academy, vice William A. Whitaker, deceased.

Tuesday was "hog killing" day at the Sussex County Jail, in Georgetown, the prisoners being allowed to help in the work and then indulge in fresh meat.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has been directed by the Wilmington health authorities to abate the nuisance of noise and smoke made by trains passing through Wilmington.

The storage battery car operated on the trolley line between New Castle and Delaware City Saturday was not big enough for the patronage and the company has ordered another car.

Numerous prizes have been donated by Wilmington merchants for the best decorated window, automobile and building in the celebration of the new lighting system next Monday night.

Ruth, a daughter of Magistrate Nickerson, of New Castle, was cut in the face with a pocket knife by a small boy, whose cap had been stolen by companions and who vented his rage upon the girl.

From the shock of the death of her husband, whom she had nursed during an attack of pneumonia Mrs. John E. Cullen died 14 hours after and their double funeral was held at Laurel, Thursday.

Trying to operate an automobile with the body temporarily attached, T. W. Cavender and R. H. Harrington, New Castle merchants, were thrown out and the machine crashed into Lank's Blacksmith shop.

The recent split in the executive officers of the National Grange will be a thoroughly discussed one at the State Convention of the Delaware Grange Tuesday, a three-day session will be held in

NEW YORK FASHIONS

NEW YORK, December 12.

A girl wants to look as much as possible like her great-grandmother's picture just now, only with the skirts clinging instead of balloon-shaped. Reticules, poke-bonnets, scarfs and even slippers strapped at the ankle are all in evidence in latest modes, and fichus, mantallis and all the other distinguishing marks of a fashionable woman when Queen Victoria was young, have been copied and modified for the up-to-date toilet.

CRINOLINE PREDICTIONS

Predictions that the crinoline is surely coming back are frequently made but now that narrow skirts have been so modified that they are both practical and graceful the day of balloon effects is likely to be postponed.

DRAPERIES; PANELS AND SASHES

Draperies, panels and sashes are all very much employed to modify the effect of the plain narrow skirt, both for day or evening frocks and there is considerable width to many skirts of diaphanous materials, but the tight fitting underskirt prevents any flare.

RUFFLES AND SCALLOPS

Some of the prettiest dresses for function wear are of changeable taffeta in various dainty color combinations, with old timey trimmings of black velvet ribbon and narrow silk fringe. A dress of this sort shading from gray to violet has the short and narrow skirt finished with three scant ruffles, about four inches wide, their scalloped edges bound with black velvet ribbon. A puffing of the silk tops the flounces. The short waisted bodice is of white dotted swiss low in the neck and over the shoulders is a small fichu trimmed with three scalloped ruffles velvet bound. The sleeves puffed in three small gathers finish just below the elbow with full pleated ruffles of lace-trimmed swiss muslin. The sash is of narrow black velvet ribbon with full rosettes of velvet loops at the waist.

4339
4337

The above designs are by The McCall Company, New York, Designers and Makers of McCall Patterns.

Reticules and Scarfs

Bags in the form of old time reticules match the hat, or the scarf. Often these three pieces are en suite, and such elaborate sets are worn not only for formal occasions but on the Avenue any afternoon when smart get-ups are the rule, and are presumably on the way to some festivity or other.

New Blouses

The kimono cut is still popular, with the sleeve ending at the elbow and neck low to be worn with or without a guimpe. All white blouses hold first place. These are variously made of silk muslin, point d'esprit lace, chiffon or gauze de ninon, which is a kind of light silk voile. Some of the prettiest have embroideries of white chenille, and many touches of color contrast.

New Hats and Coiffures

Heads are getting smaller, coiffures are simpler and more nearly adapted to the size of the head than for a long time, and of course hats follow suit in contracting though picture models of wide spread are by no means out of the running.

LUCY CARTER.

LOST—English setter puppy, six months old, white with white and black spot on tail. Liberal reward if returned to John J. JOLLS, Middletown, Del.

DRESS MAKING—Mrs. S. Custer has moved on East Main street opposite Green's blacksmith shop where she will do all kinds of dress and tailoring.

PENINSULA OYSTER TRADE

A new departure in railroad industrial work is furnished by the Baltimore Chesapeake & Atlantic and the Maryland, Delaware & Virginia railways, which have just issued a directory of shippers of oysters located on their lines.

Chesapeake Bay oysters have long been famous throughout the United States, and the oyster industry in that section has grown so rapidly of late under stimulus from transportation companies eager to increase their freight revenue from this source, that few realize its present magnitude.

The directory containing the names of 344 shippers of oysters located in 131 towns. Crisfield, Maryland furnishes the greatest number, and in this town alone their are 31 individuals and firms that ship oysters.

The celebrated Chincoteague oysters come from the neighborhood of Franklin City. An idea of the extent of the traffic can be had from the fact that last winter the Maryland, Delaware & Virginia railway, the Baltimore, Chesapeake & Atlantic railway, and the Delaware railroad hauled 209,793 barrels of shell and 89,000 packets of hucked oysters and clams from this section.

Ended Her Life With Fire

WILMINGTON, DEL., Dec. 12—Florence Empson, colored, aged 30 years, who died yesterday as the result of burns sustained at her home, at No. 51 Klund street, on Sunday, was a suicide. She poured oil over her clothing and then applied a match while alone in her home, but the pain was so great that she ran into the street, calling for some one to save her. She admitted to the hospital attendants that she had fired her dress and she told several friends she was going to kill herself. A man to whom she is said to have been engaged married another woman and this is given the reason for the act.

Boy Beats Highwayman

ELKTON MD., Dec. 12.—Alighting from a train at Iron Hill station last evening to walk to his home, about a half mile distant, John Vandelin, aged 12 years, was attacked by an unknown negro, who made a desperate attempt to rob the lad. The boy put up a game fight, and the negro drew a knife and cut the boy's clothing several times, but finally gave up the fight and fled to the woods. Young Vandelin's clothing was almost cut from his body in his encounter, but he saved his money.

THE MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT $1.00.

FARM NEWS AND VIEWS

In breeding too much will cause pigeons to "go light."

Early maturity is the keynote in successful pig handling.

Persistency is one of the valuable qualities of a good dairy cow.

Do not allow the pullets to roost in the coops where they were raised.

The horse that slobbers when eating should have his teeth examined.

The experienced poultry will breed only from his best winter layers.

Onions, unlike potatoes and other root crops, will not keep in a moist cellar.

Tile drainage by making the soil firm, enables earlier cultivation in the spring.

Low ground drained can be cultivated earlier than ground not drained.

Prune the currants and gooseberries as soon as the leaves fall, or early next spring.

Hard work is not apt to injure a horse as the failure to receive proper attention afterwards.

At this season of the year with the coming of the fall rains, a dry shelter should be provided for the sheep.

"Almost every wrong act of the horse is caused by fear, excitement or mismanagement," said a greatman.

When you build or remodel your dairy barn provide plenty of windows to admit direct sunlight during the winter.

Begin a systematic culling of the flock this month, and get rid of all unpromising birds before cool weather sets in.

A dairy barn can be kept practically free from unpleasant odors, but we never saw more than half a dozen such barns.

Pigs, on growing grain or alfalfa with skim milk and shorts slop will grow about as fast as it is possible for pigs to grow.

It is just as important that every horse should have his own collar all the time as that a man should wear his own shoes.

Save the small potatoes, and imperfect heads of cabbage and other waste vegetables. They will all be relished by the hens in the winter.

Work horses, that have been pushed in the fields all summer should now have the advantage of every hour possible in the fall pastures.

Corn is a good grain diet for work horses, should have feed containing more protein and mineral matter.

Where a number of horses are kept in the same barn the sides of the stall should be low enough to allow them to see each other as all horses love company.

Let the same person milk the same cow every day when possible because a strange milker always makes the animal nervous and effects the milk flow.

The first test to be given a new workman on the farm is to send him out with a team. If he handles them kindly and skillfully he is pretty sure to be a good all round man.

If you find a workman kicking or beating a horse back him up into a corner and give him a sound lecture. Then watch him carefully and if he repeats the act send him adrift.

The early hatched pullets will soon be beginning to lay.

There is no advantage in having the colt make too rapid a growth.

More horses are spoiled by poor drivers than any other way.

Horses like shredded fodder, but one must learn to feed it right.

The well sheltered paddock helps out the winter feed bin.

It is bad policy to let the milk and cream get a kitchen flavor.

Surplus young ducks will soon be in demand in the city markets.

Let the hogs turn all the "windfall apples" in high priced pork.

Washing a separator is not a very difficult job if done soon after separating.

Grapes are apt to overbear and it is never safe to let them set all the fruit they will.

Skim milk is good for growing pigs, but it is better with shorts mixed with it.

Don't put up with a "robber" cow any more than you would with a robber of any kind.

There is no variety of fowls that can be so quickly gotten upon the market as young ducks.

As the weather continues to get cooler at this time of the year, fresh bones may be had at the butcher's.

Feed just enough—have the pig's bed clean so he will lie down and sleep, and put on fat.

Guard fowls against exposure to dampness and draughts and they will be kept free from colds and roup.

Royal
BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

Used and praised by the most competent and careful pastry cooks the world over

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar—made from

The Middletown Transcript

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
—AT—
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MIDDLETOWN, DEL., DEC. 16, 1911

SHOULD HAVE A CANDIDATE

When it comes to a division of the State offices, rural New Castle County usually gets left! This ignoring of its just claims has grown monotonous. Rural New Castle polls quite as large a Republican vote as either of the lower counties which, together with the city of Wilmington, year after year get all the offices.

It is probable that no rural New Castle Republican will be allowed a place on the County ticket this year, since the Wilmington politicians will see to it that as usual themselves get everything. It will on that account be all the more proper for rural New Castle to demand the just recognition of a place on the State ticket.

Kent and Sussex now hold all three of the State offices of Treasurer, Auditor and Insurance Commissioner, where is in common fairness one of these positions should be given to this rural section.

Therefore THE TRANSCRIPT wishes to give notice "to all whom it may concern," that it means to take up the cudgels in vigorous maintenance of this just demand, both through its columns, and in the hustings—or better still, in a "still hunt" by itself and friends, among the Republican voters of rural New Castle who are numerous enough when once they go after their rights to get them.

WE elsewhere print an interesting interview with our well known citizen, Mr. Merritt N. Willits relative to his late visit to New Orleans as a guest of the Bankers' Convention recently held in that city. Mr. Willits describes the developement of Southern cities and trade centers and adds a sagacious review of the present and prospective business situation.

"ONCE UPON A TIME"

We think in all recent literature there has been published no such charming performance as the facinating little book on Delaware's history, entitled "Once Upon A Time," written for youthful readers by Miss Katherine Pyle and beautifully illustrated by Miss Ethel P. Brown.

Miss Emily P. Bissell of Hope Farm celebrity, says in her editorial preface, "This book is published by the Delaware Society of the Colonial Dames of America for the use primarily of the children of Delaware in school and out."

The historian Sallust in the fine philisophical preface to his Jugurthine War—for toughest Latin, the bete noir of every freshman—referring to the ancestral busts with which the Romans were wont to adorn their halls, says, "when I behold these waxen images of my forefathers, I was vehemently incited to virtue".

So these delightfully written and pictured accounts from the heroic annals of our State, cannot fail likewise to prove an inspiration to the youth of the present generation and to awake in their breasts a generous desire to emulate these worthy deeds of the forefathers.

The book contains 163 pages and is from cover to cover the creditable work of Delaware ladies as author, artist and editor.

It is handsomely printed in two styles of binding selling respectively for 50c. and $1.00. Every lad and lass in all the State should read this superb work. It is writ in the easy style, simple and clear, that ever marks the master—or, if you please—the mistress hand in letters.

Next week THE TRANTCRIPT will give a more extended review of the book.

BLACKBIRD

Miss Halissie Pinder, of Clayton, spent Friday with her sister Mrs. John Rawley.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McCoy, of near Odessa, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Fortner.

Mr. and Mrs. David D. Staats spent Sunday with her grandmothor, Mrs. Fannie Guessford.

Mr. Y. Harman Taylor, of Washington, D. C., spent last Saturday and Sunday with his sister Mrs. Theodore Ferguson.

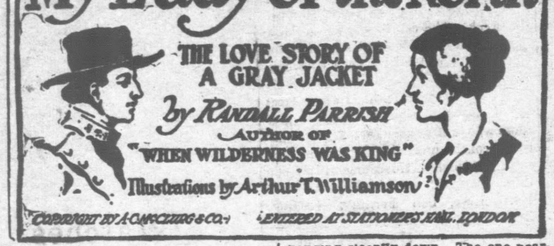
Mr. Jacob H. Spicer, and twin brother Major Spicer, of Philadelphia, celebrated their birthday Monday, December 4th, at the home of Mr. Jacob H. Spicers near Blackbird. The relatives were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Jacob H. Spicer, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Spicer's mother, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Spicer, Major Spicer and wife, of Philadelphia, Charles Spicer and wife, of Odessa; John Spicer and wife, of Middletown; Albert Gray and wife, of Mt. Pleasant; David Hutchison, and mother, of Townsend; Joseph Hutchison and wife, of Blackbird Station and Mr. Hill.

Rosenberg's Sale Continued

Wet days and worst of all a wet Saturday and weather warm enough for Summer clothing, has delayed my ... m sheale at the Globe Clothing Store. So I will have to continue the sale until after the holidays.

I am going to remodel my store after the holidays and must have all these goods out of the way to make them ... [illegible] ... another ad. ... See

My Lady of the North


THE LOVE STORY OF A GRAY JACKET
By RANDALL PARRISH
AUTHOR OF "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING"
Illustrations by Arthur T. Williamson

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CHAPTER XIX.

The Cavalry Outpost.

I lingered merely long enough to feel assured as to her safety, creeping closer until I heard her simple story of the Major's fall from his horse, and then watched through the night shadows while the little squad bore his unconscious form over the crest of the low hill toward their quarters. Then I turned my face eastward and tramped resolutely on. I was, first of all, a soldier, and nothing short of death or capture should prevent me reaching Lee with my message. Let what would happen, all else could wait!

The gleam of the stars fell upon the double row of buttons down the breast of the coat I wore, and I stopped suddenly with an exlamation of disgust. Nothing could be gained by longer masquerade, and I felt inexpressible shame at being thus attired. Neither pass nor uniform would suffice to get me safe through those outer picket lines, and if I should fall in the attempt, or be again made prisoner, I vastly preferred meeting my fate clad in the faded gray of my own regiment. With odd sense of relief I hastily stripped off the gorgeous trappings, flung them in the ditch beside the road, and pressed on, feeling like a new man.

There was small need for caution here, and for more than an hour I tramped steadily along, never meeting a person or being startled by a suspicious sound. Then, as I rounded a low eminence I perceived before me the dark outlines of trees which marked the course of the White Briar, while directly in my front, and half obscured by thick leaves of the underbrush, blazed the red glare of a fire. I knew the stream well, its steep banks of percipitat rock, its rapid, swirling current which, I was well aware, I was not sufficiently expert swimmer to cross. Once upon the other bank I should be comparatively safe, but to pass that picket post and attain the ford was certain to require all the good fortune I could ever hope for.

But despair was never for long my comrade, and I had learned how determination opens doors to the courageous—it is ever he who tries that enters in. It took me ten minutes, possibly, creeping much of the way like a wild animal over the rocks, but at the end of that time I had attained a position well within the dense thicket, and could observe clearly the ground before me and some of the obstacles to be overcome.

As I supposed, it was a cavalry outpost; I could distinguish the crossed sabers on the caps of the men, although it was some time before I was able to determine positively where their horses were picketed. There must have been all of twenty in the party, and I could distinguish the lieutenant in command, a middle-aged man with light-colored chin beard, seated by himself against the wall of a small shanty of logs, a pipe in his mouth and an open book upon his knee. His men were gathered close about the blazing fire, for the night air was decidedly chill as it swept down the valley; a number were sleeping, a few at cards, while a little group, sitting with their backs toward me, yet almost within reach of my hand, were idly smoking and discussing the floating rumors of the camp. I managed to make out dimly the figure of a man on horseback beyond the range of flame, and apparently upon the very bank of the stream, when some words spoken by an old gray-beared sergeant interested me.

"Bob," he said to the soldier lounging next him, "whut wus it thet staff officer sed ter ther leftenant? I didn't just git ther straight of it."

The man, a debonair youg fellow, stroked his little black mustaches reflectively.

"Ther cove sed as how Cole's division wud be along here afore daylight, an' thet our fellers wud likely be sent out ahead of 'em."

"Whar be they a goin'?"

"The leftenant asked him, an' the cove sed as it wus a gineral advance to meet ol' Hancock at Minersville."

"Thet's good 'nough, lads," chimed in the sergeant, slapping his knee. "It means a dance down the valley after Early. I'm a guessin' we'll have a bang-up ol' fight 'fore three days more."

"Pervidin' allers thet ther Johnnies don't skedaddle fust," commented another, tartly. "Whut in thunder is ther matter with them hosses?" he asked suddenly, rising and peering over into the bushes beyond the hut, where a noise of squealing and kicking had arisen.

"Oh, the bay filly is probably over the rope agin," returned the sergeant lazily. 'Sit down, Sims, an' be easy; you're not on hoss guard ternight."

"I know thet," growled the soldier, doubtfully, "but thet thar kid is no good, an' I don't want my hoss all banged up just as we're goin' on campaign. 'Tain't no sorter way ter hitch 'em anyhow, to a picket rope; ruins more hosses than ther Rebs dew."

This gave me inspiration, and before the speaker's sullen growl had wholly ceased I was again upon hands and knees, silently groping my way along the bank toward the rear of the hut. It proved to be a tiny structure, containing but a single room—probably a mere fisherman's shack, without windows, but possessing a door at either end. Meeting no opposition I crept within, where I felt somewhat safer from observation, and then peered warily forth into the darkness extending between it and the river. The picket-rope stretched from one corner of the hut, where it seemed to be secured around the end of a projecting log, out into the night, evidently ending its other terminus at a big tree whose spreading top I could dimly perceive shadowed against the sky. Along it were tethered the horses, a few impatiently champing their bits and pounding with their hoofs on the trampled ground, but the majority resting quietly, their noses hanging sleepily down. The one nearest me appeared a finely proportioned animal of a dark color, and was equipped with both saddle and bridle. Of the soldier in charge I could distinguish nothing—doubtless he was lounging on his back, half asleep upon some soft patch of grass.

I turned when it suddenly occurred to me that the deserted hut might contain something I could use to advantage—a firearm, perhaps, or even a stray box of matches. I felt about me cautiously, creeping along the hard earthen floor until I had nearly reached the opposite entrance. The light from the fire without leaped up, and its glow revealed a saddle, with leather holster attached, hanging to a nail just within the doorway. Moving noiselessly I managed to extract a revolver, but could discover no cartridges.

I was yet fumbling in the holster pocket when the lieutenant rose from his seat without, knocked the ashes from his pipe, yawned sleepily, standing directly between me and the fire, and then, turning sharply, walked slowly into the open door of the hut. I sprang to my feet, or he would certainly have stepped upon me, and before he could realize the situation I had him by the collar, with the cold muzzle of my stolen revolver pressed hard against his cheek.

"A single word or sound, and I fire!" I said sternly.

I have no recollection of ever seeing any one more completely astounded. He gasped like a fish newly landed, and I doubt if he could have made utterance even had he dared.

"Come in a little farther," I commanded. "Now look here, Lieutenant, you do exactly as I tell you and you will get out of this affair with a whole skin; otherwise—well, I'm playing this game to the limit. Now answer me: How many men have you mounted this side the ford?"

He glared at me sullenly, and I drew back the hammer with an ominous click, eyeing him fiercely.

"Well," I said shortly, "do you choose to answer, or die?"

"Two."

"On the other bank?"

"None."

"Lieutenant," I said, speaking low, but in a tone which left no doubt as to my exact meaning, "I am an escaped prisoner, and shall not hesitate to kill rather than be recaptured. It is your life or mine tonight, and I naturally prefer my own; but I'll give you one chance, and only one—obey my orders and I will leave you here unhurt; disobey, and your life is not worth the snap of a finger. Move back now until you face the door, and don't forget my pistol is within an inch of your ear, and this is a hair trigger. What is your sergeant's name?"

"Handley."

"Order him to take ten men on foot one hundred yards west on the pike, and wait further orders."

"Handley," he called out, his voice so choked with rage as to make me fearful it might arouse suspicion, "take ten men on foot to the cross-roads, and wait there until you hear from me."

I could plainly note the dark shadows of the fellows as they filed out past the fire, but I never ventured to take eye or gun off the man I watched.

"How many remain there now?"

"Seven."

"Any non-com. among them?"

"A corporal."

"Have him take them all south on the cross-roads."

"Jones," he called out huskily.

"Yes, sir."

"Take what men you have left a hundred yards south on the cross-road."

We could hear them crunching their way through the bushes, until the sound finally died out in the distance.

"Now, Lieutenant, you come with me—softly, and keep your distance."

We moved back slowly, step by step, until we came to the rear door of the

"A Single Word or Sound, and I Fire."

shed. I reached out into the darkness, but without turning my face away from him, and silently severed the picket-rope, retaining the loosened end in my grasp. It was so intensely dark where we stood that I slipped the pistol unobserved into my belt.

"Face to the rear," I said sternly.

As he turned to obey this order, with quick movement I tripped him, sprang backward, and shut the door.

In a single bound I was upon the back of the black, and had flung the severed rope's end at the flank of the next horse in line. There was a rush of feet, a sharp snapping of cords, a wild scurrying through the bushes, as twenty frightened horses stampeded up the bank, and then, lying face down over the saddle pommel, I sent the startled black crashing down into the shallows of the ford. The fellow on guard tried his best to stop us, but we were past him like the wind. He did not fire, and doubtless in the darkness saw merely a stray horse broken from the picket-rope. The other fellow took one swift shot, but [illegible] wild, and I heard the voice [illegible] enraged lieutenant cursing in [illegible]

CHAPTER XX.

A Demon on Horseback.

I felt positively happy then. The thrill of successful achievement was mine, and with the exultation of a soldier in having surmounted obstacles and peril, I nearly forgot for the moment the heart tragedy left behind. The swift impetus of the ride, the keen night air sweeping past me, the fresh sense of freedom and power engendered by that reckless dash through the darkness, all conspired to render me neglectful of everything save the joy of present victory. The spirit of wild adventure was in my blood.

A dozen spits of fire cleaved the intense blackness behind, and I knew the widely scattered patrol were sending chance shots across the stream. A clang of hoofs rang out upon the rocks, but I could distinguish nothing indicating a large pursuing party—probably the two who were mounted at the ford, with possibly others following when they caught their strayed horses. I had little to fear from such half-hearted pursuit as this was sure to be. The swift, powerful stride of the animal I rode assured me that I was not ill mounted, and there was small chance of contact with Federal outriders before I should reach the protecting picket lines of our own army. I laughed grimly as I leaned slightly back in saddle and listened; it was like a play, so swift and exciting had been the passing events, so unexpected their ending. I wondered what plausible story the discomfited lieutenant would concoct to account for his predicament, and whether the others had yet missed me back at the Mansion House.

The stars appeared to be paling somewhat down in the east, for the coming day-dawn was already whitening the horizon. I glanced at my watch, venturing to strike a match for the purpose, and found the hour after three o'clock. Early, I knew, was at Sowder Church, and his advance cavalry pickets ought to be as far west as the Warrentown road. The distance between, by hard riding, might be covered in three hours. My horse seemed fresh, his breath came naturally and without effort, and I pressed him along rapidly, for my whole ambition now centred upon bringing the information I possessed within our own lines. Bungay, beyond doubt, had been recaptured long since, for my own experience told me how extremely vigilant were the Federal guards. To one unacquainted as he was with military customs it would prove impossible to penetrate their lines; hence, everything must depend upon my getting through in safety.

Then my thoughts drifted to the one I had left in such serious predicament. If I had loved her before, I loved her doubly now, for she had proven herself a woman among women in time of danger and trial. How clearly her face, with those dark sweet eyes and the wealth of crowning hair, rose before me, while word by word I reviewed all that had passed between us, dwelling upon each look or accent that could evince her possible interest in me. Then reason returned to my aid, and resolutely, determinedly, inspired by every instinct of soldierly honor, I resolved that I would put her from my thoughts forever. She was not mine either to love or possess, unless the uncertain fate of war should chance to set her free. Even to dream of her, to cherish her in memory while she remained the wife of another, was but an affront to her purity and womanhood. I would prove myself a man entitled to her respect, a soldier worthy my service and corps; if ever again my name chanced to find mention in her presence it should be spoken with honor.

I was musing thus, lulled by the steady lope of my horse, and totally insensible to any possibility of peril, when clear upon my ears, instantly awakening me from such reverie, there rang through the night silence the sharp clang of iron on the road behind me. All sound of pursuit had long since died away, and I supposed the effort to recapture me had been abandoned. But there was no mistaking now—at least one horseman, riding recklessly through the black night, was pressing hot upon my trail.

"The lieutenant," I thought, "the lieutenant, burning with anger at the trick played upon him, has pushed far ahead of his troop, doubtless mounted upon a better horse, determined to risk everything if he may only bring me back dead or alive."

This thought awoke me in an instant from my dreaming, and I spurred my horse furiously, glancing anxiously backward as I rode, but unable through that dense gloom to distinguish the form of my pursuer. Yet the fellow was coming, coming faster than any speed I could possibly conjure out of the weary black I bestrode, either by whip or spur. Closer and closer upon me came rushing down that pounding of iron hoofs on the hard path. Heavens! how like a very demon the man rode! As a trooper I could not withhold admiration from the reckless audacity with which the vengeful fellow bore down upon me. In spite of my utmost efforts it almost seemed as if we were standing still. Surely nothing less than hate, and a thirst for vengeance bitter as death, implacable as fate, could ride like that through the black night on the track of a hunted man!

I was able to trace dimly his outlines now as he rose on an eminence in my rear, his horse looming dark against the sky, like those giant steeds that snorted fire in my child's picture-books at home, and then, with increasingly louder thunder of hoof-beats, he came charging straight down toward me. In sheer desperation I glanced on either side, seeking some avenue of escape, but the high banks were unscalable; my sole remaining hope lay in a shot which should drop that crazed brute before he struck and crushed me. Riding my best, with all the practised skill of the service, I swung my body sideways, bracing myself firmly in the deep saddle, and took steady aim. The hammer came down with a dull, dead click, the revolver was chargless, and with an exclamation of baffled rage I hurled the useless weapon full at the advancing brute. Almost at the instant we struck, my horse went down with the impetus, while over us both, as if shot from a cannon, plunged our pursuer, his horse turning a complete somersault, the rider falling so close that I was upon him almost as soon as he struck the ground.

A dip of the flying hoof had cut a shallow gash across my forehead, and [illegible] wet [illegible]

"You unchained devil!" I cried savagely, whirling him over upon his back, "I spared your life once tonight, but, by all the gods, I'll not do it again!"

"Gosh, Cap, is thet you?" asked the voice of the other, feebly.

I started back, and lost my hold upon him.

"Bungay?" in an astonishment that nearly robbed me of utterance. "Good God, man! is this really you?"

"It's whut's left 'o me," he answered solemnly, sitting up and feeling his head as if expecting to find it gone. "Thet wus 'bout ther worst ride I ever took."

"I should think it likely," I exclaimed, my anger rising again as I thought of it. "What, in Heaven's name, do you mean by riding down on me like that?"

"Holy Gee, Cap," he explained penitently, "ye don't go ter think I ever did it a purpose, do ye? Why, ther gosh-durned old thing run away."

"Ran away?"

"Sure; I 've bin a hangin' on ter ther mane o' thet critter fer nigh 'pon three mile, an' a prayin' fer a feather bed ter light on. It's my last 'listment en ther cavalry, ye bet. I never seed none o' yer steam keers, but I reckon they don't go no faster ner thet blame hoss. Gosh, Cap, ye ain't got no call fer ter git mad; I couldn't a stopped her with a yoke o' steers, durned if I cud. I sorter reckon I know now 'bout whut Scott meant when he said, 'The turf the flying courser spurned,'—you bet this one did."

"That's 'Bout All I Know, Cap, Thi I Lit Yere."

Jed rubbed his cheek as if it stung him, and I looked at him in the faint dawning light of day, and laughed. His peaked head and weazen face looked piteous enough, decorated as they were with the black loam through which he had ploughed; his coat was ripped from tail to collar, while one of his eyes was nearly closed where the bruised flesh had puffed up over it.

"'It is a fearful strife, for man endowed with mortal life,'" he quoted mournfully.

"You're right," I assented. "No doubt you had the worst of it. But how came you here?"

"Why, I wus a huntin' fer a hoss thar et thet picket post whin ye scared up ther bunch, an' by some sort a fule luck I got hole o' thet one, an' tuke arter ye, tho' in course I didn't know who it was raised sich a rumpus, it wus so durned dark. Ther whole blame Yankee caboodle tuke a blaze et me, I reckon, leastwise they wus most durn keerless with ther shootin' irons, an' I rode one feller over, knocked him plum off his hoss down ther bank, kerslush inter ther water, by thunder, an' then ther derned critter I wus a straddlin' bolted. TLet's 'bout all I know, Cap, till I lit yere."

There was no doubting the truth of his story, and I held out my hand. "You're a good man, Jed," I said heartily, "and so long as we are both alive, a few hard jolts won't hurt us. Let's see if the horses are in any condition for service."

A single glance told the story. The black mare was browsing by the roadside, apparently little the worse for the shock, although a thin line of blood trickled slowly down her flank. But the big roan had not been so fortunate, and lay, head under, stone dead in the middle of the narrow road. Bungay gazed at the motionless figure mournfully.

"'Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day, that cost thy life, my gallant gray,'" he recited solemnly, "only it's a roan, an' I ain't so durn sorry either."

Regrets of any nature, however, were vain, and as the little man positively refused to ride, I mounted again. He trudging along manfully beside me, the two of us set forth once more, our faces turned toward the red dawn.

CHAPTER XXI.

Reinforcements for Early.

"Come, Wayne, wake up, man!" Captain, I say, you must turn out of this."

I opened my eyes with a struggle and looked up. The golden glow of sunlight along the white wall told me the day must be already well advanced, and I saw the lieutenant of my troop, Colgate, bending over me, attired in service uniform.

"What is it, Jack?"

"We have been ordered north on forced march to join Early, and the command has already started. I have delayed calling you until the final moment, but knew you would never forgive being left behind."

Before he had finished I was upon the floor, dressing with that rapidity acquired by years of practice, my mind thoroughly aroused to the thought of active service once more.

"Was it the news I brought in yesterday, Colgate, which has stirred this up?" I questioned, hastily dipping into a basin of water.

"I imagine it must have been, sir," replied the Lieutenant, leaning back comfortably upon a cracker-box, which formed our solitary chair. "Things have been on the move ever since, and it certainly resembles an advance of some importance. Staff officers at it all night long, McDaniel's division off at daylight, while we go out ahead of Slayton's troops. Reede was in beastly good humor when he brought the orders; that usually means a fight."

"Any artillery?"

"Sloan's and Rocke's batteries are with us; did not learn who went out with McDaniel's. Longstreet has crossed the White Briar."

"Yes, I know," I said, drawing on the last of my equipments, and quickly glancing about to assure [illegible] looked nothing [illegible]

the stentorian voice of the Colonel called them into column of fours. Staff officers, gray with dust from their all-night service, were riding madly along the curb, while at the rear of our men, just debouching from one of the side streets appeared the solid front of a division of infantry. We had barely time to swing into the saddles of the two horses awaiting us, and ride swiftly to the head of our command, when the short, stern orders rolled along the motionless line of troopers, and the long, silent column swung out to the northward, the feet of the horses raising a thick cloud of red dust which fairly enveloped us in its choking folds.

With the ardor of young manhood I looked forward to the coming battle, when I knew the mighty armies of North and South would once again contest for the fertile Shenandoah. It was to be American pitted against American, a struggle ever worthy of the gods. Slowly I rode back down the files of my men, marking their alignment and accoutrements with practised eye, smiling grimly as I noted their eager faces, war-worn and bronzed by exposure, yet reanimated by hope of active service. As I watched them thus, I thought again of those many other faces who once rode as these men did now, but who had died for duty even as these also might yet be called upon to die. One hundred and three strong, gay in bright new uniforms, with unstained banner kissing the breeze above our proud young heads, we rode hopefully forth from Charlottesville scarce three years before, untried, undisciplined, unknown, to place our lives willingly upon the scared altar of our native State. What speechless years of horror those had been; what history we had written with our naked steel; what scenes of suffering and death lay along that bloody path we travelled! To-day, down the same red road, our eyes still set grimly to the northward, our flag a torn and ragged remnant, barely forty men wore the "D" between the crossed sabres on their slouched brown hats, in spite of all recruiting. The cheer in my heart was for the living; the tear in my eye was for the dead.

"Colgate," I said gravely, as I ranged up beside him at the rear of the troop, "the men look exceedingly well, and do not appear to have suffered greatly because of short rations."

"Oh, the lads are always in fine fettle when they expect a fight," he answered, his own eyes dancing as he swept them over that straight line of backs in his front. "They'll scrap the better for being a bit hungry,—it makes them savage. Beats all, Captain, what foolish notions some of those people on the other side have of us Southerners. They seem to think we are entirely different from themselves; yet I reckon it would puzzle any recruiting officer up yonder to show a finer lot of fighting men than those fellows ahead there."

I rode slowly forward to my own position at the head of the troop. As I swung my horse into our accustomed position I was too deeply buried in reflection to be clearly conscious of much that was occurring about me. Suddenly, however, I became aware that some one, nearly obscured by the enveloping cloud of dust, was riding without the column, in an independence of military discipline not to be permitted. In the state of mind I was then in this discovery strangely irritated me.

"Sergeant," I questioned sharply, of the raw-boned trooper at the end of the first platoon, "what fellow is that riding out yonder?"

"It's ther pesky little cuss as come in with ye yesterday, sir," he returned with a grin. "He's confiscated a muel somewhar an' says he's a goin' back hum 'long o' we uns."

Curious to learn how Jed had emerged from his arduous adventures, I spurred my horse alongside of him. The little man, bending forward dubiously, as if fearful of accident, was riding bareback on a gaunt, long-legged mule, which, judging from all outward appearances, must have been some discarded asset of the quartermaster's department.

"Going home, Jed?" I asked, as he glanced up and saw me.

"Jist as durn quick as I kin git thar," he returned emphatically. "By gum, Cap, I ain't bin 'way from Mariar long as this afore in twelve year. Reckon she thinks I've skedaddled fer good this time, an' 'ill be a takin' up with some other male critter lest I git back thar mighty sudden. Women's odd, Cap, durn nigh as ornary 'bout some things as a muel."

He eyed his mount critically.

"Durned if ever I thought I'd git astraddle o' any four-legged critter agin," he said, rubbing himself as if in sudden and painful recollection of the past. "But I sorter picked up this yere muel down et ther corral, an' he's tew durn wore out a totin' things fer you uns ter ever move offen a walk. I sorter reckon it's a heap easier a sittin' yere than ter take it afut all ther way ter ther mountings."

It was long after dark the second day when, thoroughly wearied, we turned into an old tobacco field and made camp for the night. To right and left of our position glowed the cheery fires, telling where Early's command bivouacked in line of battle. From the low range of hills in front of where we rested one could look across an intervening valley, and see far off to the northward the dim flames which marked the position of the enemy. Down in the mysterious darkness between, divided only by a swift and narrow stream, were the blue and gray pickets. The opposing forces were sleeping on their arms, making ready for the death grip on the morrow.

As I lay there thinking, wondering what might be my fate before another nightfall, seeing constantly in my half-dreams the fair face of a woman, which made me more of a coward than I had ever felt myself before, I was partially aroused by the droning tones of a voice close at hand. Lifting myself on one elbow I glanced curiously around to see where it originated, what was occurring. Clustered about a roaring fire of rails were a dozen troopers, and in the midst of them, occupying the post of honor upon an empty powder keg, was Bungay, enthusiastically reciting Scott. I caught a line or two:

"'At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the battle-cry of hell,'"

and then the drowsy god pressed down my heavy eyelids, and I fell

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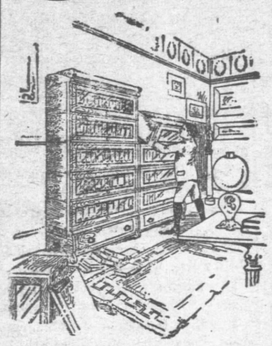

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Tax bills can be obtained by making personal application to the Collector, or by sending written communication enclosing stamps.

EXTRACT FROM THE LAWS OF DELAWARE, GOVERNING THE COLLECTION OF TAXES OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY, SECTION 3, CHAPTER 30, VOLUME 21, LAWS OF DELAWARE, AS AMENDED:

Section 3—That on all taxes paid before the first day of October there shall be an abatement of five per centum. On all taxes paid before the first day of December there shall be an abatement of three per centum. On all taxes paid during the month of December there shall be no abatement whatever. And on all taxes unpaid on the first day of January five per centum thereof shall be added thereto.

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